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PADDY'S WIFE

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# Paddy's Wife,

AN IRISH IDYL.

—BY—

J. Dudley Ferguson.

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[Baltimore,  
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# PADDY'S WIFE.



## AN IRISH IDYL.

Have you heard the story of Paddy's wife,  
The beautiful Miss McSharey;  
Who ran the machine the whole of her life,  
In frolicksome Tipperary?  
How Pat the rollicking broth of a boy,  
So handy with his shillaly,  
Found out that the angel who shared his joy,  
Was worse than the ould boy railly?

You hav'nt! Well stranger you've something to larn,  
Said Mickey, the old switch-tender;  
There by the track, a flag under his arm,  
Red, like his nose, I remember.  
Jist come over here and squat on these ties,  
In the shade of the signal box;  
No! 'gainst the rules. Well! a drop 'bout the size,  
Of three fingers used to hard knocks.

Say boss, that was stiff! You just bet your life,  
When I was a boy in Athlone,  
We knew how it worked, with gaugers at strife,  
Distilling for widow Mahone.  
Why boss we—Oh, the story! Well young man  
There was fun at that disclosure;  
For the frightened Pat, like a spalpeen, ran  
From this feminine bulldozer.

Faith sir, he'd been married a week or less,  
When the Priest on his way to mass,  
Found him stretched on his back in great distress,  
Stowed-away in his neighbors grass.  
Both his eyes were blacked, and his head was cracked,  
And his blooming nose was askew;  
In every respect he looked as if whacked,  
By a band of the hostile sioux.




Why Patsy, you rascal, the priest exclaimed,  
You are dhrunk again I declare;  
Och! You ould baste, I am grieved, I'm ashamed,  
To see you lie wallowing there.  
Only last sunday, you carried your bride,  
So swate, from steps of the altar;  
Don't say a word! I've a good mind, your hide  
To curse, by saint and by psalter.

Be aisy a minuit—don't say too much,  
Says Pat wid a look of surprise;  
I have'nt been drinking, nor fighting, nor such,  
If any man says so he lies.  
And your riv'rince knows I respect the cloth,  
To the priest I'm always civil;  
But that lady you metioned in your wroth,  
Could flure the author of evil.

She's worse I repate than the grim ould boy,  
Who has charge of the fires below,  
My raison for saying so is the how,  
Or the fact I'm going to show.  
Its throe I was only three weeks at school,  
And my head's not crazed with larnin;  
But unless you stretched it Father O'Toole,  
Keep still! I'll quote from your sarmon.

You said: The Bible declares on its face,  
If satan we'd only resist—  
Now mind! He would flee from you in disgrace,  
And with that you brought down your fist.  
Its true, I believe, resist and he'll flee  
From you, the same words wirra sthroe:  
But my wife, if you only resist, she  
Will, be japers, she'll flee at you.



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